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the AMAZING SPIDER-MAN®

THE MOST SHOCKING OFFBEAT MYSTERY OF THE YEAR!

MURDER BY SPIDER!

Nasser & Rubinstein

While attending a demonstration in radiology, student PETER PARKER was bitten by a spider which had accidentally been exposed to RADIOACTIVE RAYS. Through a miracle of science, Peter soon found that he had GAINED the arachnid's powers...and had, in effect, become a human spider...

Stan Lee PRESENTS: THE AMAZING SPIDER-MAN®

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MURDER BY SPIDER

A STRANGE FEELING OF UNEASINESS HAS HAUNTED PETER PARKER, THE AMAZING SPIDER-MAN, THIS EVENING-- A DISQUIETING SENSATION, GENTLE, BUT INSISTENT, UNSHAKEABLE...

IT IS THIS FEELING, AND NOT THE RAIN, THAT MAKES HIM SHIVER . . .

I DON'T GET IT! THIS IS THE THIRD TIME TONIGHT I'VE FELT MYSELF DRAWN TO THIS SAME OLD HOUSE... BUT *WHY?*

I THINK I'LL TAKE A *CLOSER* LOOK!

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MOST OF THE ROOMS AREN'T EVEN BEING USED...EXCEPT TO STORE FURNITURE--AND THE ONLY *PERSON* HERE... IS ONE OLD MAN WORKING ON A LATE DINNER OF APPLE-SAUCE AND PEAS.

HE LOOKS ABOUT AS DANGEROUS AS MY *AUNT MAY!*

SO WHY AM I FINDING IT SO HARD TO *LEAVE* THIS PLACE? IT FEELS LIKE I'M SWINGING UPSTREAM!

ADLAI SCHMIDT, COLLECTOR AND HERMIT, CONTINUES HIS MEAL IN SILENCE--SAYING NOTHING, FOR THE HOUSE IS EMPTY AROUND HIM. THE HOUSE IS **ALWAYS** EMPTY AFTER THE NURSE LEAVES...

... EXCEPT FOR ***TONIGHT.***

TONIGHT, ADLAI SCHMIDT HAS **COMPANY** FOR DINNER--

--COMPANY OF THE EIGHT-LEGGED VARIETY.

UNFORTUNATELY FOR THE RECLUSIVE MR. SCHMIDT, HE DOES NOT NOTICE THEM ARRIVING...

OR GATHERING--

--UNTIL IT IS **TOO LATE!**

A LATE!

AT THAT MOMENT, A FEW BLOCKS AWAY...

YEESH-- I CAN'T EVEN SCROUNGE UP A DECENT **CRIMINAL** TONIGHT, JUST A BUNCH OF YOUNG TOUGHS!

MAYBE A VISIT FROM **ME** WILL THROW A SCARE INTO THEM. MAYBE THEY'LL GIVE UP CRIME AND GET **JOBS.**

YEAH, AND MAYBE I CAN FLAP MY ARMS REAL HARD AND FLY TO THE MOON!

HEADS UP, FRIENDS! THE GOOD GUY'S HERE!

SPIDER-MAN!

BUT, EVEN AS HE PICKS UP THE YOUTHFUL MUGGER, A STARTLING **CHANGE** COMES OVER SPIDER-MAN --A **RAGE** HE CANNOT CONTROL!

GONE IS RESTRAINT! COMPASSION **VANISHES!** ALL THAT REMAINS IS **ANGER...** AND AN UNTHINKING, OVER-WHELMING COMPULSION TO **STRIKE!**

YOU THINK YOU'RE *TOUGH*, DON'T YOU, PUNK? WELL, LET'S JUST *SEE* ABOUT THAT!

UNGHH!

I'M *SICK* OF YOU CREEPS WHO THINK YOU *OWN* THESE STREETS ...THINK YOU CAN *TAKE* ANYTHING YOU WANT!

GET BACK, MARTHA! SPIDER-MAN'S GONE CRAZY! HE MIGHT ATTACK *US* NEXT!

N-NO MORE.. PLEASE! I WASN'T GONNA *HURT* NOBODY! ALL I WANTED WAS THE *MONEY!*

OHMIGOSH! WHAT AM I DOING? WHAT'S HAPPENING TO ME?

FIRST MY HEAD STARTS BUZZING --AND THEN I LAY INTO A BUNCH OF *PUNKS* AS IF I WERE FIGHTING THE *HULK!* WHAT'S *WRONG* WITH ME TONIGHT?

I GUESS I'M STILL COMING DOWN FROM THE DEATH OF THE BLACK CAT.*

MAN, I MISS HER.

*LAST ISSUE.

HURRY, DEAR-- WE CAN GET AWAY WHILE HE'S NOT LOOKING. THE DAILY BUGLE'S RIGHT-- SPIDER-MAN IS AN UNCONTROLLABLE MANIAC!

EARLY THE NEXT MORNING, AT THE EDITORIAL OFFICES OF THE DAILY BUGLE...

DAILY BUGLE
SPIDER-MAN KILLS RECLUSE

I STILL CAN'T GET OVER THE WAY I ACTED LAST NIGHT--THAT FIT OF RAGE--THAT UNCONTROLLABLE HATRED!

AND, AS IF I DIDN'T HAVE ENOUGH PROBLEMS ... J. JONAH JAMESON IS TRYING TO PIN A BIZARRE MURDER RAP ON ME!

THE REALLY SPOOKY PART IS THAT THE VICTIM WAS THE OLD MAN I VISITED LAST NIGHT... AND THE POLICE THINK HE WAS BITTEN TO DEATH... BY A HORDE OF SPIDERS!

DAILY BUGLE
SPIDER-MAN KILLS RECLUSE

MISS GRANT

PETER PARKER! YOU LOOK POSITIVELY ILL!

IT'S THIS WEIRD SPIDER-MURDER, GLORY! I DON'T LIKE THE WAY OUR FEARLESS PUBLISHER IS TRYING TO IMPLICATE SPIDER-MAN!

WELL, YOU KNOW HOW JJJ FEELS ABOUT THE WEB-SPINNER!

WEBBING FOUND AT SCENE OF CRIME

DEFALCO: ITALIAN OF THE YEAR

WEALTHY COLLECTOR KILLED BY SPIDERS

JUST THEN...

DON'T ARGUE WITH ME, ROBERTSON!

SPIDER-MAN KILLED SCHMIDT! AS SURE AS YOU'RE MY CITY EDITOR! ANT-MAN CAN CONTROL ANTS! SPIDER-MAN MUST BE ABLE TO CONTROL SPIDERS!

BE REASONABLE, JONAH! SPIDER-MAN HAS NEVER USED ARACHNID ACCOMPLICES IN THE PAST. WHY WOULD HE START NOW?

ROBBIE'S RIGHT! I'M SURE SPIDEY'S AS PUZZLED BY ALL THIS AS ANYBODY!

SHUT UP, PARKER! YOU'RE ONLY A FREELANCE PHOTOGRAPHER. IF I WANT YOUR OPINION--I'LL GIVE IT TO YOU!

PETER, PLEASE EXCUSE MR. JAMESON, THE GRUESOME MANNER OF SCHMIDT'S DEATH HAS US ALL ON EDGE!

SCHMIDT LEFT BEHIND A SMALL *FORTUNE* IN ANTIQUE FURNITURE--AND NO LIVING RELATIVES TO *CLAIM* IT. THE WHOLE ESTATE'S BEING AUCTIONED OFF FOR BACK TAXES NEXT WEEKEND.

THAT WOULD SEEM TO RULE OUT A *PROFIT* MOTIVE, ALL RIGHT...

...BUT IT *OPENS UP* A WHOLE *NEW* LINE OF THOUGHT! I'LL *SEE* YOU, ROBBIE!

SURE, PETER. TAKE IT EASY, KID!

I'LL JUST *DROP IN* ON THAT SALE. DEBRA WHITMAN'S INTERESTED IN ANTIQUES. MAYBE I CAN PRY HER AWAY FROM BIFF RIFKIN, HER NEW PREPPIE BOYFRIEND, AND BRING HER ALONG.

MEANWHILE, IN A NONE-TOO-CLASSY BAR IN THE WAREHOUSE DISTRICT...

DID YOU BRING THE MONEY... *ALL* OF IT?

BAR

YEAH, IT'S HERE... ALL IN CASH, JUST LIKE YOU SAID.

HAND IT OVER-- QUICKLY! AND FOR *YOUR* SAKE...

...I HOPE THE COUNT IS NOT *SHORT!*

AND NOW, THE ITEMS YOU REQUESTED--FOR YOUR *AUNT*, AS I RECALL.

I'M SURE SHE'LL FIND THEM VERY... *ATTRACTIVE!*

THE NEXT WEEK, IT IS A RELUCTANT PETER PARKER WHO APPROACHES THE HOUSE OF THE LATE ADLAI SCHMIDT...

OH, PETER, THIS IS SO *EXCITING!* DON'T YOU JUST *LOVE* OLD FURNITURE? IT GIVES YOU SUCH A SENSE OF... *HISTORY!*

UH-HUH! *MYSTERY'S* THE WORD FOR IT, DEBRA!

NOT *MYSTERY*...*HISTORY!* I SWEAR, PETER, SOMETIMES YOUR MIND SEEMS A MILLION MILES AWAY!

BOY, JUST *SEEING* THIS PLACE AGAIN GIVES ME THE WILLIES. TO THINK, I WAS *LOOKING* AT THE OLD MAN ONE MINUTE, AND THE NEXT MINUTE, HE WAS *DEAD!*

AND WHAT'S MORE--THE SAME TIME HE WAS BEING MURDERED, I WAS JUST A FEW BLOCKS DOWN THE STREET...GOING *CRAZY!* THERE *HAS* TO BE A *CONNECTION!*

LOOK AT THIS! ISN'T IT JUST *LOVELY!*

YEAH, DEB... LOVELY!

THESE ANTIQUES WERE SCHMIDT'S *LIFE.* APPARENTLY THERE'S *SOMETHING* HERE THAT SOMEBODY WANTED BADLY ENOUGH TO *KILL* FOR IT. BUT WHAT? AND... *HOW?*

WHAT A DARLING ANTIQUE QUILL! WHAT DO YOU THINK, PETER?

I PREFER BALL POINTS.

I'LL TAKE THAT, IF YOU PLEASE! THIS ITEM BELONGS TO ME!

I...I'M *SORRY!* I DIDN'T KNOW!

I HAVE JUST PURCHASED *ALL* THE FRENCH PIECES IN THIS COLLECTION --AND I WILL THANK YOU NOT TO HANDLE *MY POSSESSIONS!*

GOOD GRIEF! WHO STARCHED *HIS* UNDERWEAR?

THAT--THAT HAS TO BE THE *RUDEST* MAN I'VE EVER MET!

YEAH...REMINDS ME OF JOLLY JONAH JAMESON ON ONE OF HIS FRIENDLIER DAYS.

WHO *IS* THAT GUY ANYWAY?

THAT 'GUY' HAPPENS TO BE NORMAN JUNQUE, ONE OF THE *WEALTHIEST* ANTIQUE DEALERS IN MANHATTAN. HE HAS BEEN AFTER MR. SCHMIDT'S COLLECTION FOR *AGES*...AND NOW IT'S *HIS*.

I HOPE SOME *MANNERS* CAME WITH IT. HE COULD *USE* THEM!

THAT NEEDN'T CONCERN YOU ANY LONGER. MR. JUNQUE *HAS* WHAT HE CAME FOR. NOW HE'S LEAVING.

PETER, WHAT'S WRONG? WHERE *ARE* YOU GOING?

I JUST REMEMBERED SOMETHING IMPORTANT I HAVE TO DO. SORRY, KID. I'LL *CALL* YOU... *LATER*.

OH, PETER...WHY MUST YOU CONTINUALLY TREAT ME LIKE A USED DISH-RAG? NO WONDER I'M DRIVEN TO DATE THAT OBNOXIOUS BIFF RIFKIN --AT LEAST HE TREATS ME WITH CONSIDERATION.

I HATE LEAVING DEB IN THE LURCH AGAIN, BUT THIS COULD BE JUST THE BREAK I WAS LOOKING FOR!

JUNQUE IS GETTING INTO HIS CAR. I'D BETTER FIND SOMEWHERE TO CHANGE INTO MY COSTUME --*PRONTO!*

MOMENTS LATER...

THIS IS MORE *LIKE* IT. IT SHOULD BE EASY ENOUGH TO KEEP TRACK OF HIM FROM UP HERE.

JUNQUE

OF COURSE, I *COULD* BE BARKING UP THE WRONG TREE --THERE'S MORE EVIDENCE AGAINST *ME* THAN JUNQUE! STILL, THERE ARE WORSE WAYS THAN *WEB-SLINGING* TO KILL A SATURDAY AFTERNOON!

SUDDENLY...

WAIT A MINUTE-- THERE'S THAT *FEELING* AGAIN, LIKE I HAD THE NIGHT SCHMIDT WAS KILLED! IT'S *TUGGING* AT ME, PULLING ME *AWAY!*

JUNQUE IS GOING IN ANOTHER DIRECTION! BUT I CAN'T WORRY ABOUT HIM NOW! I'VE GOT TO FOLLOW THIS FEELING... FIND OUT WHERE IT'S TAKING ME!

DeAngelo SPORTING GOODS

BABYLON, N.Y.

JUNQUE

SOON...

THIS IS *IT*... THIS IS WHERE THE SIGNAL IS COMING FROM...

...THE *MONTANA* -- APARTMENT HAVEN FOR SOME OF THE WEALTHIEST AND MOST INFLUENTIAL PEOPLE IN NEW YORK.

WHATEVER IT *WAS* THAT ATTRACTED ALL THOSE SPIDERS TO SCHMIDT'S ROOM --IS DOING THE SAME THING TO ME. RIGHT NOW! I HAVE TO *HOME IN* ON IT--FIND THE SOURCE!

JUST THEN...

SPIDER-MAN! I DON'T KNOW WHAT *HE'S* DOING HERE, BUT WITH RESIDENTS LIKE OURS, I'M NOT TAKING ANY CHANCES.

I'M CALLING THE COPS!

TRACKING THE STRANGE IMPULSES WITH HIS EVER-FAITHFUL SPIDER-SENSE, THE WEB-SPINNER ENTERS THE BUILDING THROUGH AN OPEN WINDOW...

THE SIGNAL'S GETTING ***STRONGER!*** IT'S COMING FROM SOMEWHERE ON THIS FLOOR--BUT WHICH APARTMENT?

WHILE SPIDER-MAN SEARCHES INSIDE, A FAMILIAR SCENE UNFOLDS ON THE STREET BELOW...

HURRY UP! THIS IS OUR CHANCE TO CATCH SPIDER-MAN IN THE ***ACT!*** WE NEED TEAMS ***IN-SIDE*** AND ONE AT EVERY ***EXIT!***

I'M GETTING CLOSER! SOMETHING MUST HAVE FORCED THOSE SPIDERS TO AMASS AND ATTACK SCHMIDT --THERE'S NO OTHER EXPLANATION! I'LL BET THIS SIGNAL --

SUDDENLY, UNEXPECTEDLY...

OH, NO! ***NO!*** MY HEAD... ***BURNING***... LIKE IT DID BEFORE I ATTACKED THOSE KIDS! I ***CAN'T*** LOSE CONTROL... NOT ***NOW!***

IF I FEEL THIS WAY, THAT MEANS ABOUT A MILLION REAL SPIDERS ARE FEELING THE SAME THING! SO--SO HARD TO THINK!

HAVE TO CONCENTRATE... FIND THE SOURCE OF THE SIGNAL! HAVE TO...MAINTAIN ... CONTROL!

AI

EEEE

NO! I'M TOO LATE!

STILL, THERE MAY BE SOMETHING I CAN DO! THERE ISN'T A MOMENT TO LOSE!

THAT SCREAM CAME FROM THIS DIRECTION!

THAT'S THE APARTMENT! AW, NUTS! OF ALL THE TIMES FOR NEW YORK'S FINEST TO BE JOHNNY-ON-THE-SPOT!

BREAK IT DOWN! COME ON! PUT SOME *MUSCLE* INTO IT!

GET BACK! THERE'S NOTHING YOU CAN DO! LET ME *IN* THERE!

HEY--QUIT SHOVING, RALPH!

I SAID *LET ME THROUGH!*

SPIDER-MAN! STOP HIM!

WE'RE TRYING TO -- *OOF!*

UNGGHH!

THERE IS *NO* TIME FOR THIS! A PERSON'S LIFE MAY BE IN DANGER! WHEN ARE YOU FLATFEET GOING TO LEARN WE'RE ON THE *SAME SIDE?*

OUT OF MY *WAY* BLAST IT!

YIKES!

AS SPIDER-MAN APPROACHES THE CLEARED DOORWAY, THE BURNING SENSATION WITHIN HIS BRAIN *DIMINISHES*--HIS RAGE SUB-SIDES... AND HE PEERS INSIDE...

I-I'M BEGINNING TO FEEL *HUMAN* AGAIN! BUT DOES THAT MEAN--?

GOOD LORD! I-I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING SO HORRIBLE--SO TOTALLY REPULSIVE!

SPIDER-MAN'S MIND **REELS** AT THE SIGHT BEFORE HIM. FREE TO FOLLOW THEIR NATURAL INSTINCTS, THE DEADLY SPIDERS **SCURRY** TO DARK CORNERS AND CREVICES. THE WOMAN ON THE FLOOR--THEIR **VICTIM**--DOES NOT MOVE...

THOSE SPIDERS ATTACKED THAT OLD WOMAN--BUT SHE ***CAN'T*** BE DEAD... NOT SO ***SOON!***

HER BODY'S IN SHOCK. SHE'S STILL BREATHING--BUT SHE NEEDS MEDICAL ATTENTION--***IMMEDIATELY!***

FREEZE, SPIDER-MAN! THIS TIME WE'VE GOT YOU ***DEAD TO RIGHTS!***

SORRY, GENTS! BUT THIS LADY BELONGS IN THE ***HOSPITAL*** AND WHETHER YOU LIKE IT OR NOT...

...***I'M*** GONNA ***GET*** HER THERE!

AND WHILE I'M MAKING LIKE AN AERIAL AMBULANCE-- MAYBE I CAN FIGURE THIS SCAM OUT!

SOMETHING MUST HAVE BEEN TRANSMITTING THAT SIGNAL. SOMETHING PLANTED IN THE APARTMENT...

...OR RIGHT *ON* THE INTENDED VICTIM!

MINUTES LATER...

MADE IT--AND IN *HALF* THE TIME IT WOULD TAKE AN *AMBULANCE* TO GET HERE!

EMERGENC

DON'T JUST STAND THERE GAWKING! THIS WOMAN NEEDS TREATMENT--*NOW!*

THEN, AFTER THE AMAZING SPIDER-MAN HAS EXPLAINED THE SITUATION...

SHE'S DELIRIOUS! BUT IF WE GET THE ANTI-TOXIN IN HER SYSTEM *IMMEDIATELY*, SHE SHOULD *MAKE* IT.

WHAT'S SHE MUMBLING ABOUT?

...HE *TOOK* THEM... ...TOOK MY EARRINGS... ...STOLE... EARRINGS...

MEANWHILE...

ELECTRONICS IS NOT MY MAIN FIELD...

...BUT I WOULD RECOGNIZE HIDDEN *CIRCUITRY* IF I SAW IT. AND UNLESS I MISS MY GUESS...

...THAT'S *EXACTLY* WHAT I'LL FIND WHEN I GET HOME AND OPEN THESE THINGS *UP!*

THAT NIGHT, AN ERRANT WIND BLOWS THROUGH THE WAREHOUSE DISTRICT...

...LIKE A RAGGED LEAF, A NEWSPAPER IS BORNE ALONG...

UNTIL...

AH--WHAT LUCK! A FREE NEWSPAPER!

DAILY BUG
SPIDERMAN, POI
CLASH OVER
SECOND
SPIDER
VICTIM!

HMM... SO SPIDER-MAN'S BEEN IMPLICATED IN THE SPIDER MURDERS. I'D REJOICE IF NOT FOR THE FACT THAT THE WALL-CRAWLER HAS SHAKEN OFF SO MANY OTHER CHARGES IN THE PAST.

HE'S BOUND TO BE AT WORK RIGHT NOW TRYING TO CLEAR HIS NAME. HIS INTERFERENCE COULD THREATEN MY ENTIRE OPERATION!

I NEVER WANTED TO RESORT TO CRIME, BUT SINCE I COULD CONVINCE NO ONE OF THE MERITS OF MY RESEARCH ON ARTHROPODS, I HAD TO OBTAIN MY *OWN* FUNDS... SELLING MINIATURE ATTRACTORS FOR THE PURPOSE OF *MURDER* PROVED TO BE HIGHLY PROFITABLE!

SPIDER-MAN MUST NOT BE ALLOWED TO *INTERFERE!*

IT APPEARS THAT MY INVENTION AFFECTS THE WEB-SLINGER AS WELL AS NORMAL SPIDERS!

I MUST BUILD AN EVEN *STRONGER* DEVICE--ONE THAT WILL CONTROL HIM COMPLETELY!

AND WHEN IT'S FINISHED, I'LL LURE SPIDER-MAN HERE AND PUT AN END TO HIS MEDDLING FOREVER!

MUCH LATER...

MY HUNCH WAS RIGHT ABOUT THOSE EARRINGS-- THEY *WERE* TRANSMITTERS!

BUT THAT DOESN'T HELP ME FIND THE WACKO RESPONSIBLE FOR THEM!

I'VE GOTTA KEEP ON THE MOVE--SWINGING AROUND TOWN...SOONER OR LATER I'M *BOUND* TO CATCH THAT MURDER SIGNAL AGAIN!

I'D BETTER WRAP THIS THING UP SOON...

SO FAR ALL I'M GETTING IS A BUNCH OF CURIOUS *STARES!*

WAIT A MINUTE! THAT'S IT...THE SIGNAL! BUT IT'S SO *STRONG--!*

THIS'LL BE A BREEZE FROM HERE. I COULDN'T LOSE IT NOW IF I *TRIED.*

THERE IT IS-- THAT WAREHOUSE! WHOEVER'S BEHIND THIS DEAL HAS TO BE *INSIDE!*

NOW WHAT? SHOULD I SNEAK IN ONE OF THOSE WINDOWS... OR MAYBE FIND A WAY IN BY THE ROOF...?

LOST NO BILLS

AGAIN AND THE ANTS

THEN AGAIN, THERE'S A LOT TO BE SAID FOR THE *DIRECT* APPROACH!

HEADS UP, FAITHFUL ONE! YOU ORDERED A SPIDER ... YOU'VE *GOT* ONE!

HOW COURTEOUS OF YOU TO BE SO PROMPT, SPIDER-MAN. I *KNEW* MY SIGNAL WOULD BRING YOU HERE.

SHEESH-- IF *THIS* GUY IS A SUPER-CRIMINAL I'M RETIRING!

GIVE IT UP, SPECS. I DON'T KNOW WHAT KIND OF GAME YOU THINK YOU'RE PLAYING ...BUT IT'S OVER!

ON THE CONTRARY, SPIDER-MAN --MY WORK IS ONLY BEGUN. HERE ...LET ME SHOW YOU MY *LATEST* INVENTION!

LOOK, PAL... IF YOU THINK I'M JUST GOING TO STAND HERE WHILE YOU PLAY MAD SCIENTIST...

TOO *LATE*, SPIDER-MAN. I ALREADY *HAVE*.

YIKES! FEELS LIKE SOMEONE HIT ME IN THE HEAD WITH A TRUCK! STILL IF THAT'S THE *BEST* HE CAN DO...

BAD NEWS, BRIGHT EYES... A LITTLE *HEADACHE* ISN'T GOING TO STOP ME!

WHY DON'T YOU JUST HAND OVER THE GIZMO... AND WE'LL CALL IT QUITS BEFORE ANYBODY GETS *HURT!* WHILE YOU'RE AT IT, SUPPOSE YOU TELL ME WHY YOU SET UP OLD MAN SCHMIDT AND THAT OLD WOMAN FROM THE MONTANA...

HER NEPHEW WANTED TO COLLECT HIS INHERITANCE EARLY--AND JUNQUE DESIRED ANTIQUES, BUT THIS INFORMATION WILL DO YOU NO GOOD.

FR

OH, NO? HOW DO YOU KNOW I DON'T WRITE FOR "TRUE CONFESSIONS"?

WAIT! THAT *SHADOW--!*

REACTING WITH LIGHTNING SPEED, THE AMAZING SPIDER-MAN DARTS OUT OF HARM'S WAY WITH SCARCELY INCHES TO SPARE...

HOLY SMOKE! IF IT WEREN'T FOR MY REFLEXES, I'D BE FLATTER THAN A PIZZA RIGHT NOW!

:UNN: MY SHOULDER!

I SHOULD'VE SENSED THAT CRATE COMING AT ME IN PLENTY OF TIME TO AVOID IT! SOMEHOW, THAT DEVICE OF HIS HAS *NEUTRALIZED* MY *SPIDER-SENSE!*

MY SHOULDER--FEELS LIKE IT'S BROKEN!

NICE TRY, SPECS, BUT YOU'VE JUST USED UP YOUR LAST CHANCE! THE KID GLOVES ARE *OFF!*

YOU CONTINUE TO UNDER-ESTIMATE ME, SPIDER-MAN! ONCE I LEARNED OF YOUR SENSITIVITY TO MY ATTRACTORS-- I REALIZED YOU POSSESSED A SIXTH-SENSE LIKE OUR EIGHT-LEGGED FRIENDS!

IT WAS SIMPLE TO DEVISE A CIRCUIT TO NEGATE THAT SPECIAL SENSITIVITY! LET'S SEE HOW WELL YOU DODGE BULLETS WITHOUT IT!

CRIPES! WITH MY SPIDER-SENSE, I CAN DO *THIS* ROUTINE WITH MY EYES CLOSED! *WITHOUT* IT, IT BECOMES A FULL-TIME JOB JUST TO KEEP FROM BEING *PERFORATED!*

COME NOW...I'VE HEARD THAT YOU WERE QUITE THE COMEDIAN. WHERE'S YOUR CLEVER REPARTEE --YOUR FAMED WIT? YOU'RE *DISAPPOINTING* ME!

MUCH AS I'D LIKE TO OBLIGE, RIGHT NOW I'VE GOT SOMETHING *ELSE* ON MY MIND.

LET'S SEE...THAT'S *FOUR* BULLETS... *FIVE*...

...AND *SIX!*

LAST SHOT, PARTNER--YOUR GUNSLINGIN' DAYS ARE *OVER!*

THWIP

AS FOR *THIS* LITTLE GEM, I HAVE A SPACE RESERVED FOR IT WITH THE *REST* OF MY COLLECTION AT THE BOTTOM OF *HUDSON BAY!*

GOOD LORD! I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYONE MOVE SO FAST!

PLEASE...STAY BACK! DON'T HURT ME! I...I DIDN'T MEAN TO HARM ANYONE!

IT WAS ALL AN ACCIDENT...A *MISUNDERSTANDING!*

THERE...THAT STUPID PRATTLING *DISTRACTED* HIM WHILE I SLIPPED THIS ELECTROMAGNETIC DETONATOR FROM UNDER MY COAT! HE THINKS HE'S *BEATEN* ME!

HE'LL COME CHARGING THROUGH THAT DOOR ANY *SECOND* NOW. AND WHEN HE DOES--

--HE'LL DIE!

YOU'RE JUST DELAYING THE INEVITABLE, SPECS. YOU MAY HAVE NEUTRALIZED MY SPIDER-***SENSE***, BUT I'VE STILL GOT THE PROPORTIONATE STRENGTH OF A HYPERACTIVE DADDY LONG-LEGS.

NO...DON'T! STAY BACK!

YOU TAKE ME FOR A ***FOOL***, SPIDER-MAN-- LIKE EVERYONE ***BEFORE*** YOU. THIS TIME, THAT ASSUMPTION WILL PROVE YOUR UNDOING.

I--I DID IT! HE PLAYED RIGHT INTO MY HANDS! NO ONE WILL EVER UNDERESTIMATE ME AGAIN! I'M THE MAN WHO KILLED SPIDER-MAN!

KA-BLAM!

BUT... WHERE'S THE BODY? THE EXPLOSION WASN'T ***THAT*** POWERFUL! THERE SHOULD BE ***SOME***...

WHAT THE--? WHERE'S THAT LIGHT COMING FROM? WHO'S ***THERE***?

I'M INCREDIBLY HANDSOME, AND I CRAWL ON WALLS! NEED ANY MORE HINTS?

SPIDER-MAN! B-BUT HOW?

I ALMOST *FELL* FOR THE OLD BOMB BEHIND THE DOOR TRICK, BUT WITH MY SPIDER-SENSE ON THE BLINK, I WAS JUST A WEE BIT MORE CAUTIOUS THAN USUAL.

MAKING A SHIELD OUT OF MY WONDERFUL WEBBING--

"--I SIMPLY TOSSED A HANDY PROJECTILE AT THE DOOR AND *KA-BLOOIE!*

AIN'T I THE SPOILSPORT?

AND NOW, SPEAKING OF SPORTS... IT'S TIME TO SETTLE THE SCORE!

NO! DON'T! I *MEAN* IT THIS TIME! DON'T *HURT* ME ... *PLEASE!*

KWAK

YOU KNOW SOMETHING, SPECS--FOR A MEAN, NASTY MURDERER...

...YOU'RE A REAL CREAMPUFF!

NOW WE GET RID OF THE INFAMOUS *GIZMO*...

HA-CHA! THE OLD, FAMILIAR *TINGLE'S* BACK! AND NONE TOO SOON EITHER--SOMEBODY'S COMING!

WE GOT A REPORT OF A WAR GOING ON IN HERE!

DON'T ANYBODY MOVE!

SORRY, OFFICER... MUCH AS I'D LIKE TO STAY AND *CHAT*, I'VE GOT A DATE WITH A HOT *BATH*! BUT YOU MIGHT ASK OUR *FRIEND* HERE WHAT HE KNOWS ABOUT THE *SPIDER* MURDERS...

...I HAVE THE FEELING HE'S IN A *CONFESSING* MOOD.

IS THAT RIGHT? ARE YOU READY TO TALK?

YES! YES! *ANYTHING*... ...BUT KEEP HIM *AWAY* FROM ME!

WELL, LET'S SEE NOW... I HURT MY SHOULDER, RIPPED MY COSTUME, FORGOT TO TAKE PICTURES FOR THE BUGLE...AND DIDN'T EVEN FIND OUT THAT GUY'S *NAME*.

SHEESH.. MAYBE SOMEDAY I'LL GET THE *HANG* OF THIS CRAZY SUPER-HERO BUSINESS!

END